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MY EXPERIENCE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

"A contented mind is a continual feast."

MARITAIN'S THOUGHTS.

I've been travelling all the summer,
Trading moorlands, climbing hills;
Struggling in the clasp of Ocean,
Paying visits, paying bills.
Breaking bread at lowly tables,
Feasting with the lords of pelf;
And I've come to this conclusion—
Few are happier than myself.

God knows, I have seldom met with
Life-path smooth, or sunny sky;
But I've had, with heavy burdens,
Strength to bear them from on high.
And the poor heart He gave me,

Music in my soul that sings—
"Poets will saith thou, Bayard Taylor—
'Poets are Earth's real Kings.'"

Some grieve over past misfortunes—
I let by-gones, by-gones be;
In, their obtuse perceptions,
Beauty neither feel nor see.
Unto them Apollo's chariot
Seems a common country wain;
While I find, in Jersey sand-banks,
Landscapes worthy Claude Lorraine.

Some have books in rosewood cases,
Libraries my memory holds;
Some wear purple and fine linens,
But with sashlock like the folds.
Owning pearls, they pine for diamonds,
While contented I go on;
Dress my hair with low-priced ribbands,
And feel happy—in a lawn.

Some can purchase costly pictures—
I make pictures with my brain;
Some reside in stately castles,
I have castles too—in Spain.
Some boast much of high connexions,
Bank and Fashion seek their door;
I shake hands with Worth and Genius,
And am welcomed by the poor.

Now, reviewing my experience
In the summer just gone by,
I have come to this conclusion—
Few are better off than I.
While my heart can rest, rock-pillow'd,
Rose-leaves creased their sleep annoy;
I enjoy without possessing,
They possess—but don't enjoy.
Philadelphia.

MARTIN WARE'S TEMPTATION.
IN TWO PARTS.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

The somewhat cold and yet wintry sun threw its rays on one of earth's fair and busy scenes in the spring afternoon of a year gone by. By the side of, but not close to, a factory, which was giving forth its tokens of life and work, was a white house, built in the villa style, large enough for a gentleman's residence, pretty enough, with its artistically laid-out grounds and gardens in the midst of which it stood, to attract the attention of travellers on the proximate high road. Other factories might be seen, near and distant, most of them considerably larger than this one, and other houses, surrounded by their grounds, as well as poorer dwellings, cottages, and huts. This place,

situated in the heart of England, was called Wexmoor, and the factory first mentioned was known as Wexmoor Factory. Not many years before, this was the only factory in the district, and those larger and better ones had sprung up since. Its owner was a gentleman of the name of Martyn, and the white villa, built by himself some thirty years previously, was the residence of him and his family.

Those cold, thin rays are falling on it, and especially on a young lady who is standing at its entrance-door, between the two pillars, drawing on her gloves. A charming looking girl of twenty-two, with a thoughtful face,—very thoughtful for one so young; and steady, somewhat deeply-set eyes of dark blue. She is attired quite plainly, you see: a violet-colored merino dress, a warm, gray shawl, and a cottage straw bonnet, trimmed with ribbons to match, straw-colored. It was long ago, I have told you, before the disfiguring fashions of these later years were invented—the bonnets perched on the back of the head, or surmounting the forehead as a crocodile's mouth; those cottage bonnets of twenty years back made a pretty face look all the prettier.

This was Miss Helen Martyn, the second daughter of the manufacturer. He had four: Elizabeth, Helen, Sophia, and a little one of fourteen, much afflicted, name Amy. He had never had a son, and his wife had died when Amy was born. Elizabeth, the eldest, acted as mistress of the house, and as a sort of mother to the rest, though she was but two years older than Helen.

Helen Martyn drew on her gloves slowly, and then paused and looked thoughtfully out before her, far into the distance. It almost seemed as if she were hesitating whether to go on, or not. At last she descended the white steps, wound round the broad gravel drive which surrounded the lawn before the house, and passed out at the front gate. In turning to the right she nearly ran against a gentleman, who was about to enter it with a hasty step, on his way from the factory. It was Mr. Martyn; a wiry-built man, with a pale, hard face, and cold, gray eyes, bearing not the least resemblance to his daughter.

"Where are you going, Helen?"
"For a walk, papa." He went on, saying no more. But ere he had well got through the gate, Helen, in her perfect truthfulness, her natural antagonism

rents with the main current. The perils of Charybdis have long been proverbial, and small craft are occasionally endangered by it. Even large vessels of war have sometimes been turned round; but its dangers were exceedingly exaggerated by the ancient writers; and if proper caution is exercised, no peril need be apprehended from it.

The whirlpool of Charybdis, the twin danger with Scylla, are situated on the coast of Calabria, a few miles northward of the whirl-

pool. The dangerous rocks are those lying partly under water at the foot of the bold, rocky headland, upon which is built the Castle of Scylla. The dangers of this place also have always been much exaggerated; the only real peril is when the current and wind are so opposed that a vessel may chance to be driven towards the rocks.

As ill-luck would have it, Mr. Martyn

met him on this day as he was rolling in,

shouting and singing. Some sharp words ensued.

The master ordered him off the premises:

Rutt, with some dim idea of proving

that he was not incapable, waited his

opportunity and stole in afterwards, when

Mr. Martyn's back was turned. He attempted to work; he meddled with the machinery, and the result was that a large quantity of work was spoilt, and the machinery almost fatally injured. It was a loss that Mr. Martyn could not well bear; his business had decreased of late years, and something like embarrassed circumstances were beginning to show themselves; hence, perhaps, his anger was more implacable than it might otherwise have been. In vain Rutt, when he came to his senses, humbly expressed his contrition, begged to be taken on again, promised that he never would again forget himself as long as his life should last. Mr. Martyn would not listen. With stinging reproaches, with scornful words, he drove the man from him, declaring that, so far from forgiving him, it was his intention to refuse him a character, and to bring him to public punishment for the damage he had done. Before the moon, then at the full, had quite completed her monthly course, Rutt was dead. In going in search of work to a neighboring town, it was supposed he came in contact with an infectious disorder; at any rate, he was seized with it, and died in delirium.

His death did not soften the feeling of Mr. Martyn. That gentleman felt the past grievance of his loss as keenly as before, and in this his daughters shared. They sent no sympathizing inquiry to the poor wife; they did not vouchsafe her a kind word. It was not perhaps that they did not feel for her,

but the loss of their father left its bitter

sting in their hearts. What with the spoilt

machinery, the destroyed goods, the loss of

time and incapability to fulfil orders which

it entailed, Mr. Martyn's loss could not be

estimated at less than a thousand pounds.—

A formidable sum to the imagination of

these young girls, and all the more formidable

because of a dim fear, which had been

for some time forcing itself upon their suspi-

cions, that their father could not afford it.

Helen alone felt deeply for her.

In Helen Martyn's strict sense of justice, she asked her sisters how blame could possibly be reflected upon the wife: she pointed out that the poor wife was even more deeply injured than they were. But she did not care to call and express this: it would have seemed like flying in the face of her father's sense of injury.

Yes, in one sense, the disastrous results

fell worse on Mrs. Rutt, for she was left

without a living or the means of gaining

one. Rutt was a man who had lived up to

every shilling of his wages. He liked to

see his wife comfortable, to maintain a pia-

ntiful home; he was attached to her boy, now

a fine lad of fifteen, and had yielded to her

wish of keeping him at school, a good day

grammar school in the neighborhood, not

yet putting him out to earn anything. It

is a fact scarcely to be believed, only that

there are unhappily too many such facts in

the world, that when Rutt died there was

not one penny of ready money in the house.

Except the furniture, Mrs. Rutt was left

entirely destitute: and the furniture of that

house was not of great value.

Many and many a time did Helen Martyn

wonder what that poor woman would

do, and how she was getting on, or would

get on. Gossip spreads in a small locality,

and the young ladies heard news from time

to time of Mrs. Rutt. First, it was said she

was living by disposing of the lighter trifles

of her household; next, that her son, who

had left the school at Christmas, had found

a temporary place at the doctor's, to carry

out the physic bottles; by which he earned

his food and a shilling or two a week. And

last, they heard that Mrs. Rutt and her boy

were going to America.

This last news, much as it surprised Mr.

Martyn. That gentleman felt the past griev-

ance of his loss as keenly as before, and in

this his daughters shared. They sent no

sympathizing inquiry to the poor wife;

they did not vouchsafe her a kind word.

It was not perhaps that they did not feel for her,

but the passing hours had soothed their

pangs, and they had got used to the

idea of her loss in the mind. When they

thought more to the purpose, however,

they still regretted the loss of the

money for one of them, hoping she

would be able to find the other.

And this, Mrs. Rutt, as it was known, had

convinced to do. The very man who had

consented to her husband's post at the works,

made arrangements with her for

taking the house off her hands, and as much

of the furniture as she could leave in it.

That was not much. Her husband had died

the first week in November, it was now the

end of March, and she had had only the

furniture to live upon, parting with it piecemeal.

Little wonder, then, that it was with

difficulty she could save sufficient money for

only her own passage, let alone her boy's.

She had no friends in the neighborhood, no

advisers: she had never made a friend or

sought an acquaintance since she came into it; and the cause is easily explicable. Her position as Rutt's wife detracted her from associating with the superior inhabitants, and her own previous habits of gentility forbade her placing herself on a level with the wives of such men as her husband. It is true the Miss Martyn's had often gone to see her, but only as the wife of one of their father's men, in whom they took an especial interest.

All preliminaries were arranged, and she

was to sail from Liverpool at the week's end;

was to quit Wexmoor on the morrow. The Miss Martyns heard this; heard that

be expense, too, I hear, in embarking that I had not bargained for, and I shall have to tell some story—whether to get away myself?"

"When it is done," said Helen, "What will be done?" she asked.

"All that can be done is, that I must abandon my boy—it seems to me like abandoning him," was the sobbing answer. "I must go myself! I ought to have been out of this house on Lady-day, Miss Helen, and now it's the twenty-ninth. I must go; I have not a place to put my head in in the old country, not a bit or sup to support me; and my boy, he must stop behind and get a living as he best can. I'd sacrifice myself for my boy if I knew how to sacrifice myself; I'd almost rather part with life than part with him."

"And how much would it cost to take him?" Helen breathlessly asked.

"I had expected ten pounds," she answered; "it was what my brother said he'd need. We could have made it do, Miss Helen. Of course we go in the cheapest way: it is some years since I could afford to be fastidious. Once on the other side, I should not mind if we had nothing left. We'd find our way on foot to Washington."

It was very natural that Helen Martyn's first impulse was to wish she had the money to give; but in the next moment she remembered how entirely futile was the wish.

Ready money had not been very plentiful in their house of late; and what she and her sister Sophia had been able to get from their father, or Elizabeth supply from her housekeeping necessities, had been expended for a specified purpose, of which you will soon hear further. All that she could do was to express her heartfelt sympathy, her regret that she had not the money to give; and she did it with a sincere, low voice, and the tears standing in her eyes.

Mrs. Rutt saw how genuine was the sorrow of that fair young face, how great the pain at heart, and she strove to suppress further signs of her own. But when Helen was taking leave, the sobs burst forth again uncontrollably.

"You'll say a kind word to him now and then, Miss Helen, when you get the opportunity. He'll want it, poor lad, for he'll soon be motherless. I shant live long, parted from him."

"Does he stop in Wexmoor?" asked Helen.

"Just at present. I went to the doctor this morning, and he'll keep on for a bit, until something turns up for him."

"What can turn up for him?" wondered Helen.

"Nothing—unless God sends it. And where he'll get a place to sleep, or who'll give him shelter, I don't know. Miss Helen," she continued, in an altered tone, "I'd ask you, if I may dare, when the weddings are to be?"

A soft blush rose to Helen Martyn's cheek.

"In about a month," she answered. "Towards the end of April."

"May Heaven bless you both, and the gentlemen you have chosen!" aspirated Mrs. Rutt, in a low tone.

Helen was walking slowly towards home, thinking upon the poor widow's grief, upon the many sources of sorrow there seemed to be in the world, when a slim, active boy, with a pleasing face and large intelligent dark eyes, came running round the corner of the lane. It was Bob Rutt—as the boy was universally called. He had, of course, no right to the name of Rutt, but he had never been called anything else since he came into the neighborhood: his Christian name happening to be the same as that of his step-father, Robert, had no doubt contributed to the habit. He raised his cap as he came up to Helen, far more as a gentleman would raise it than a working boy.

"I have been to see your mother, Bob," she said. "This is sad news."

"Was she grieving much, Miss Helen?" she eagerly asked. "I could bear it for myself; but I can't bear it for her."

"But you will be sorry to be separated from her, Bob?"

"Sorry!" he echoed, swallowing down a lump in his throat, and turning his face out of sight of Helen's. "When the letter came this morning, it seemed that I could have moved heaven and earth to go with her, and—and. But it's of no use talking of it," he added, after a broken pause. "Thank you for your sympathy, Miss Helen."

"Oh, Bob, I am sorry! Perhaps you'll get out to her sometime."

"Yes, Miss Helen, perhaps so, if she lives. But she's one to take things dreadfully to heart."

He raised his cap again and went away. And Helen Martyn looked after him with wistful eyes through the fading light of the evening sky.

CHAPTER II.

HELEN'S KNIGHT-ERRANTRY.

What we should all do without money it is quite impossible to conceive; but one thing appears indisputable, that, if the world could go on without it, a great many of the crosses and heartburnings we are pleased to make our own, and lug to us as if we liked them, would never occur.

When Helen Martyn entered her home, the drawing-room was lighted and the tea-waiter on the table. They generally dined in the middle of the day; it suited Mr. Mar-

tin's business habits, and it suited Amy's health. Elizabeth sat before the tea-tray, ready to make it as soon as her brother came in. Helen took it waiting, and she gently provided herself with some little trifles of work, not to waste the time, as she had now. She was sewing some lace edging to a strip of thin muslin: it was for a nightcap border for one of her sisters. She looked older than her age considerably: any one might have taken her to be seven or eight and twenty, with her grave manners and her somewhat old-fashioned style of dress.

The young girl, Amy, stood by her side, holding her chair: a stranger might have observed with wonder a certain peculiar twitching in this child—in her face, her arms, her whole body. She had had in her life, at long extended periods, three attacks of paralysis, the first having occurred when she was little more than an infant, and its signs never left her—as you may see by these never-ceasing twitches. A great deal of money had been spent upon her: fresh doctors, seaside visits; everything possible to be thought of was tried. She did not get much better; but the medical men thought if she could go over the next two or three years without another attack, she might probably recover.

Seated opposite Elizabeth, her elbow on the table, and her face wearing a discontented look, was Sophia. She resembled Helen much in features, but her eyes had the hard look of her father. Poor Sophia was apt to make a grievance of trifles, and she thought she had a very great grievance to be miserable over just now. Helen also shared in it, and deemed herself as hardly used as Sophy.

To explain this, it must be stated that Helen and Sophia were both engaged to be married.

Helen to a gentleman in London, of the name of Ware; Sophia to the Rev. Mr. Gazebrook.

You heard Helen tell Mrs.

Rutt that the weddings were to be in about a month. All being well, the two sisters would be married on the same day. Neither match was particularly eligible in a pecuniary point of view. Mr. Ware was the secretary to a public company; his salary three hundred a year; and the clergyman was incumbent of a small living in Wales, worth not much more than half that sum. But Mr. Martyn had not deemed it well to refuse his consent. He believed both the gentlemen when they represented that their circumstances would be sure to grow better in time; and he told his daughters that if they chose to risk it, to live quietly until these better circumstances came, they might. Hope is strong in the human heart—very strong in those beginning life. Mr. Gazebrook looked forward to a good fat living; and Edward Ware to at least a doubled salary.

But the weddings, or rather the preparations for them, had brought forth some vexations, and Sophia was dilating upon these as she sat there with her elbow on the tea-table and her chin leaning on her hand. The sum which Mr. Martyn had allowed his two daughters for purchasing what fine people call the *frouziness*, but which I would a great deal rather call the wedding clothes, was miserably small; at least it had proved so in the laying out. When given forth to them—and, not to make a mystery, its amount may as well be stated: thirty pounds each—Elizabeth, somewhat close in her views, pronounced it sufficient; in fact, it was Elizabeth who had suggested its amount to her father, though she did not choose to confess it; sixty pounds for the two would be ample, she said to him. But whether the young ladies had gone randomly to work, and bought too expensive things at the onset, or whether it was really inadequate to their wants, certain it was that the money was gone, and while necessaries had been laid in, most of the finery remained to be bought. Even Elizabeth had come to the conclusion that more money must be had; she helped them a little from her housekeeping allowance, but that did not do much good. They had been permitted to make their own purchases, upon the express condition that every article should be paid for when it was bought.

We had better not have been married at all, if this is to be it," grumbled Sophia.

"I have not got a single new silk dress yet, except the wedding one; neither has Helen."

"You have plenty of old ones," said Elizabeth, who deemed it policy to make the best of affairs to her sisters. "One or two of them have scarcely been worn at all; they are equal to new."

"Old ones! what are old ones?" retorted Sophia, getting crosser and more cross.

"Never was such a thing heard of, as going to your new home with a heap of old things, and no new ones. Besides, I must have a lace mantle! How am I to get through the summer without a lace mantle?"

Elizabeth went on with her nightcap border, saying nothing. She had a habit of being silent when found fault with by her sisters. Sophia resumed:

"It's a perfect disgrace! Thirty pounds

for girls in our station of life. If mamma had been alive she would represent things fitly to papa, I am sure of it. You ought to, Elizabeth. I can't make it out; papa's not a stingy man."

"Look at papa's losses of late, Sophy; at the one caused by Rutt; and his business has been dwindling down and down through want of capital," urged Elizabeth, in a low tone.

"What are we to do for gloves?" was Sophy's answer. "We can't have fine ones a dozen altogether, dark and light and white; and we have not got the money for a single pair! I wish you were going to be married yourself, Elizabeth; you'd know what to do."

"You may manage with what things you have," was Elizabeth's answer. "I will do what I can in the matter; but if the worst comes to the worst you must—"

"Be quiet, Elizabeth! the worst can't come to the worst. Can we be married, Helen, with what we have?"

Helen, who had sat quietly near the fire after taking off her things, looked up with the air of one preoccupied. In comparison with the real need of money brought to her notice that afternoon, the present discussion jarred upon the heart as savoring of folly.

"What did you say, Sophy? Have more things? Yes, I suppose we must have them."

"Suppose we must have them! why you know we must," cried Sophy, angrily. "You were nearly crying over it this morning, you know you were."

"Quite true. Helen Martyn had nearly cried over her wardrobe in the morning, wondering what her husband and his friends would think of it, upon her going among them with so scanty a one. Scanty in comparison with the young lady's ideas, you understand."

"Thirty pounds for the wedding outfit of Mr. Martyn's daughters!" repeated Sophy, working herself into a fury. "We ought to have had a hundred at the very least. When Adelaide Gibson was married, her things cost two hundred pounds. Helen, we shan't be able to afford a single evening dress."

"And you don't want them," said Elizabeth to this. "Evening dresses you do not want: you have enough."

"They have been worse I don't know how many times," shrieked Sophy.

"They feel good, and they will be new where you are going. For the matter of that, Sophy, it is not to be expected that you will have much evening visiting in that remote and quiet place. Helen may have more in London. Amy, dear, you are shaking my chair."

"And I shall want dresses for it," said Helen, rousing herself from her recollections. "Oh, dear! I wish I was rich!"

"I wish we could have tea!" interposed Sophy, going to another temporary trouble. "I have fifty things to do afterwards, and a long letter to write."

"Talking of letters, did you know that papa heard from Mr. Ware to-day, Helen?" asked Elizabeth.

"No; did he?" cried Helen, eagerly.

"Papa came in for some books he wanted this afternoon, and told me; he forgot to mention it before. Mr. Ware is coming to-morrow for a day or two."

The pleasure which the information brought to Helen's face soon changed to pain. This embarrassment about the wardrobe seemed all the worse from the near prospect of the presence of Mr. Ware. Elizabeth suddenly inquired whether she had seen Mrs. Rutt.

"Yes," replied Helen. "She was in the greatest trouble; I never saw distress like it before. She has to leave Bob behind her."

"Why?"

Helen explained. Miss Martyn did not seem to think much of it, and Sophy was too entirely absorbed in her own ill-humor to listen. They did not witness her distress, thought Helen. Just then Mr. Martyn came in, and tea began. Sophia would touch nothing, and upon her father asking the cause she burst into tears. "Hey-day!" cried he.

"If you would but allow us a little more for our things, papa," she sobbed. "We went over the list to-day, what we have, and what we want. We have got nothing, nothing."

"I expect that you have been spending the money foolishly," said Mr. Martyn.

"No, papa. All the things that you would call foolish remain to buy yet. Papa, we ought to leave home a little less."

He made no reply then, but when he had finished his tea, drew out his pocket-book, took from it two bank-notes, and gave one to Helen and one to Sophy.

"Now, understand me, this is all you will have. Had circumstances been with me as they have been, a score of pounds more or less would be of no moment, but that is not the case now. I am doing all I can to retrieve my position, and I believe I should have gone far to retrieve it by this time, but for the conduct of Rutt. That, with what you have had, will make forty pounds each, and if you can't buy enough finery for a wedding with forty pounds, all I can say is, that you must keep single."

He quitted the room as he spoke, and returned to the factory. Elizabeth took the note out of Helen's hand, and looked at its amount,—£10.

"I am glad he listened to me," she observed.

"Listened to you!" cried Sophy.

"Yes. When papa came for those books this afternoon, I spoke to him; asking him to let you have a little more if he could, as it was difficult to spin out the thirty pounds. You may buy the gloves now, Sophy."

Sophy's eyes were sparkling. Ten pounds certainly would not purchase silk gowns, and evening gowns, and gloves, and lace mantles, and a hundred other things; but it

had come accordingly, and she was not in the least disposed to make calculations.

"Add Helen?" Helen taking piece of paper and a pencil, and dotted down the things she would like, and their probable cost. Upon adding up the sum total, she found it came to just nine-and-twenty pounds. So she turned the paper to the other side, and put down what she most thought; but the settled look of despair upon her face would have wrung Helen Martyn's heart, but for the secret she held within her. She was a shy, timid hand at giving, feeling quite as uncomfortable in it as Bob had felt at being caught weeping, and the explanation was given, and the ten-pound note held down, more awkwardly than graciously.

While doing this, one sole thought kept presenting itself to her; it worried her brain; it thumped against her conscience. To do without these things would not be a master of life and death—and that other master, to which she might apply the money, almost was such.

Presently she put the paper and pencil in her pocket, and went up-stairs to her room, and there she sat down seriously to think. Helen Martyn had strong innate conscientiousness, a powerful sense of the just and the unjust, a keen perception of the precept: Do as you would be done by. Her conscience was aroused, and she could not rest.

Should she use this money upon herself, or should she divert it from its purpose and give it to Mrs. Rutt? For one thing, she scarcely saw how she was to do without the additional clothes, and it would certainly be a very great smart to her to do without them; for another, she scarcely knew whether it was so entirely her own property that she might give it, or be justified in giving it. On the other hand, there was the performing a good action, the helping that poor woman in her strait of need, there might be the changing of the whole current of the boy's future life. If Bob remained here, unguided, unprotected, who was to foresee what mischief he might fall into? This poor ten pounds might save him from it.

Sorely perplexed—and yet the innate conviction was upon her that she must and should give the money—Helen Martyn bowed her head upon the bed and breathed a word for guidance; she had been taught that wonderful truth, that those who consult God need no other guide. A very few minutes, and she went down-stairs again. Sophy was talking her tongue out about the fresh purchases to be made on the morrow; in that moment all was *cousine de rose* to Sophy Martyn.

"Helen, we must go out the instant breakfast's over, or we shall not be home before Mr. Ware arrives. We may leave the house at nine, if we try."

"Yes," replied Helen, but her tone was a somewhat hesitating one.

"Elizabeth, I hope you'll go with us. Your judgment is so good, you know. And without you," added Sophy, ingeniously. "I may be spending nearly all my money in waste."

"I will go if I can," said Elizabeth. "But you had better make a list to-night of the things you require, put down the sum you can afford for each, and not be tempted when in the shop to go beyond it."

"I'll do it now," said Sophy.

Helen meanwhile waited until her father came in. As was nearly sure to be the case (don't we all find it so?) because she wanted him to come in earlier than usual, he was considerably later. The clock struck nine when she heard him enter, and go into a room that was chiefly used by himself. She ran down to it.

Mr. Martyn was standing with his back to the door, searching apparently for something in his bureau, the lid of which he held open. Helen advanced and stood near until he had leisure to attend to her. In a minute he turned to her with a questioning glance.

"That ten-pound note that you have given me, papa, may I spend it in any way that I please?"

"To be sure you may," replied Mr. Martyn, with a slight look of surprise.

"I mean, papa, may I lay it out in any way I please?" she repeated. "Suppose I wished to appropriate it to something quite different from clothes—may I consider it entirely mine to do so?"

"You can do what you like with it," he said. "My private opinion is, that the money I previously gave you was sufficient without this. However, you have got it."

Helen went up stairs, put on her bonnet and shawl, and stole quietly from the house. It was a fine moonlight night, and she had no fear of going alone. She knew that the money, to be of use, must be given that night; Mrs. Rutt had told her that she should be away on her road to Liverpool with morning light. As she was turning into the lane, she met the boy, Bob. He deemed himself perfectly alone, and he was giving vent to his emotion in loud sobs as he walked; loud and distressing they sounded in the still night.

"Bob, is it you?"

Ashamed at being caught so, Bob turned his face away, and pretended to whistle a song. Helen would not appear to have noticed it.

</div

Mr. Martyn
had not
been home
since his
return from
the South,
but he had
not been
able to
spend it upon
the land he
left.
The South
was
leisure he might
claim the money
of course of the
day, him. Without
her, Helen could
not be home;
and while
she was
not given over
to her mother,
she was
not able to
leave him.
Poor Helen
was, and still
is, the
most
beautiful
woman
in the
country.

was vibrating with the glorious music of the "children of the noon-day," hour of a spectacle far different from such an exciting scene. Yes; it is even the Academy where are arrayed plants in their deep verdure, and fruits in their mellow perfection. This is the stage where *Gazania* and *Brignoll*, Booth have loved to sing, and Cushman, Booth and Forrest found a field worthy of their remarkable dramatic impersonations—where Gough with native eloquence has electrified the audiences which thronged the spacious auditorium—where the classic declamation of Murdoch and the polished oratory of Everett have thrilled the soul with pure delight. But how transformed the scene! The parquette and stage form a continuous platform, and long lines of tables groan beneath their burdens—the mysterious green-room is open to the public—spangled drapery occupies the place of the canvas flats; and the throng pass and repass amid the very materials of the muse. Whilst the sweet music from a band stationed near the south proscenium box is wafted through the air, let us pause to study the peculiarities of a few of the plants which surround us.

Behold the *Echinocactus*; it is an useful plant; for within this prickly shell rests a small quantity of pure water, which is truly the *sou de vie*, being the sole drink of the traveller in the Mexican plains; and even the wild horse has learned its contents and with skillful hoof he rends the rind asunder and quenches his thirst in the cooling liquid. Art thou a lover of the curious?—observe then this Century plant; it is now, for the first time since one hundred long years, in full blossom. Here is the plant from whence is taken the ingredients of guava jelly; it appeals strongly to the sympathies of the epicure. Classical student, pause at this humble plant, it is the *laurus nobis*, the laurel of the ancients, whence the Delphic priestesses wove their garlands, and with which the panting victor in the Pythian games was crowned. There stands the Sensitive plant—a link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms—gracefully drooping its delicate branches. The tea-drinker rejoices to find in a conspicuous place the growing herb; whilst the cotton plant, hard by, is labelled with a supposition which will excite the smile of the learned reader. It predicates that poetry is prophecy, and that the Iliad is pre-eminently allegorical; for the fair Helen we are to substitute the cotton staple; Jefferson Davis is transformed into Paris, the violator of the ties of hospitality; and this gigantic rebellion answers to the siege of Troy. It is to be hoped that it will be of less duration.

It would be impossible, however, to enumerate all objects worthy of notice which have presented their claims for attention; and pausing along rows of shrubs and multifarious exogens known only to the professed botanist we pause before a grotto—a superb piece of workmanship—which is dripping with water flowing from a hidden spring; and fostering beneath its shade the Victoria Regia. It is a water lily of huge size and rare beauty; which reposes serenely in its native element regardless of the admiring looks of the beings who surround it.

In the foyer, resplendent with fresco and looking-glass, are displayed apples and pears fitting for Pomona's necklace, peaches redder than the cheeks of Hobe; and the tables glister "With grapes of gold, like those that shine On Caablin's hills."

grapes redolent with the sweetest of perfume, and worthy to be pressed into wine, divine, that flames so red In Savanah."

Guardian "stars" are in attendance at these tempting boards, and the caution "Touch Not" flares on every side. In the lobby we find the fairy-like skeleton plants whose fibres have yielded to the carcasses of water, and caught but the nerveless shadows remain. A choice collection of pickled woods is worthy of attention. In the lower regions are gathered the vegetables, remarkable for nothing but their enormous size.

Let us seat ourselves and view the house from an elevated station. The galleries blaze with beauty, and the main floor is gay with pedestrians. Oh for power to describe the carnival before us—the handsome men—the beautiful young girls and stately women; the fine figures, the glowing cheeks, the arch lips, seeming to woo, caress, the eyes of sparkling black or pensive blue; and the vast array of bonnets of colors as various as those of the rainbow, yet all more or less tintured with the prevalent fiery hue. Gay sounds floating through the air harmonize with the beauty of the occasion, and we acknowledge cordially our indebtedness to the genius of Birfield. Such was the festival, and the suffering soldier to whose lips the Sanitary and Christian commissions shall administer soothing delicacies will praise the bounty of the citizens of the city which was rightly named Philadelphia.

"Bee.—A number of persons in the country who own bees, say that there has not been, during the past summer, a single case of swarming within their own observation. They do not pretend to give a satisfactory reason for the fact, but it is suggested that the great quantity of rain which fell during the swarming season, may possibly have interfered with the operations of the bees."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

APRIL THE BATTLE; OR, FLING OUT THE FLAG OF MORSE. A Patriotic Song and Chorus. Music composed and respectfully dedicated to the Army of the Potomac by C. W. Howard. Words by H. Peterson. Published by Blodgett & Fife, Boston; for sale by W. A. Pond & Co., New York, and S. Bradnard & Co., Cleveland.

Our readers will perceive by the above that Mr. Howard has been putting some verses of ours to music. The music strikes us as being very good—of the words of course we say nothing.

THE AMBER GODS, AND OTHER STORIES. By HARRIET ELIZABETH PARSONS. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA, or Incidents and Scenes in the Battle Fields and in Richmond. By Rev. J. J. MARKS, D. D. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. A very interesting book, and illustrated with spirited engravings.

OUR OLD HOME: A series of English Sketches. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

SQUIRE TARTLYN'S HERB. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of East Lynne, &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

A CLASS-BOOK OF CHEMISTRY, in which the Latest Facts and Principles of the Science are Explained and Applied to the Arts of Life and the Phenomena of Nature. With over three hundred Illustrations. By EDWARD L. YOUNGMAN, M. D., author of "The Chemical Chart," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by W. P. Harper, Philadelphia.

PALMION; OR, THE NUMERALS OF SCARFURE A PROOF OF INSPIRATION. A Free Inquiry. By M. MAHAN, D. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by W. P. Harper, Philadelphia.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE: A Dramatic Romance. In Two Parts. By HENRY TAYLOR. Published, in blue and gold, by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October, contains articles by Whittier, Emerson, Charles Sumner, D. A. Wasson, Mrs. Whiney, &c. &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for October, contains articles by E. A. Hastings, Miss Prentiss, Anthony Troilope, Miss Evans, &c. &c. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"When Nicholas Biddle, familiarly called Nick Biddle, was connected with the United States Bank, there was an old negro named Harry who used to be loafing about the premises. One day, in a social mood, Biddle said to the darky—"Well, what is your name, my old friend?" "Harry, sir; ole Harry," said the other, touching his seedy hat. "Old Harry," said Biddle, "why that is the name they give to the devil, is it not?" "Yes, sir," said the colored gentleman, "sometimes ole Harry, and sometimes ole Nick."

RESURRECTION AND CREATION.—See ye not that the living die? How then can ye believe that the dead shall live? Does belief in a creation? Well, then, if what never before existed exists now, why may not that which once existed exist again?

MUMPS.—A corporal in a West Virginia regiment went home on a furlough, and at its expiration applied for an extension in this style:

My Dear Commander:—It is with pleasure I take my pen in hand to inform You that I am taken with the Mumps, and hope you are enjoying the same blessing; but if that ar danger, or if you think that ar, report to me immediately at Buckcannon and I am at your service,

MUMPS OR NO MUMPS

The bed of Og was twenty-seven feet long, and seven feet broad. The height of Goliath was eleven feet; his coat weighed one hundred and fifty, and his spear nineteen pounds. The body of Orestes, son of Agamemnon, leader of the Grecian expedition against Troy, was eleven and a half feet high. Maximus, a native of Spain, the Roman Emperor, was eight and a half feet high; his wife's bracelets served for finger rings. Mons. Bikin, the Belgian giant, is nearly eight feet high.

SCIENCE IN PARIS is cruelly subjecting live dogs to the misery of being cut up alive, in order to note the circulation of blood, the process of respiration, &c. The cries of the unfortunate victims have made several neighborhoods unbearable.

PICKETS.—A soldier, gaining his knowledge of military phrases entirely from his own experience, give the following definition:—"Pickets—These are chaps that are sent out to borry backer of the enemy, and to see if the rebels has got a par."

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Women's Pennsylvania Branch, 1807 Chestnut St., Philadelphia;

Mrs. M. B. GRIBBLE, Chairman Executive Committee;

Mrs. BLOOMFIELD MOORE, Corresponding Secretary;

Mrs. CALINE COPE, Treasurer;

N. H. CORNER STOCK and Miner St., Phila.

Below we give our readers a letter, for which we are indebted to the Cleveland Branch. It will be particularly interesting at this time, when all hearts are turning with painful interest to the gallant Army of the Cumberland, and its noble leader. Murfreesboro' is their base of supplies, and it is to be hoped that many of the poor sufferers at Chattanooga will be blessed by the hospital garrison, so wisely planned, and brought to such successful results. The battle of Gettysburg, occurring so late in the summer, rendered it impossible to attempt any thing of the kind in the neighborhood of those hospitals. There is therefore the more reason why the good people of our state should remember the poor fellows who have redeemed Pennsylvania with their blood, and send to them the vegetables and the fruits of the season which are loading our own tables. There need be no fear that too much will be done. After all has been supplied from the Sanitary Commission, there yet remains a large margin to be filled by the grateful people of Pennsylvania. The choicer kinds of peaches, apples, pear grapes, that would comfort our invalid friends under our own roof, shall we not send them to our brave deliverers as the offering of our grateful hearts?

We know that such stores sent to Gettysburg would be most thankfully appreciated by the poor fellows, many of whom will never be able to leave them. While they live, let us cheer their painful hours with the evidences of our care, and when they sleep in the dust of Pennsylvania, guard their resting-place with holiest, tenderest reverence.

Dr. Gordon Winslow of the Sanitary Commission, No. 1807 Chestnut street, acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:

Soldiers' Aid, Mansfield, Tioga county, S. E. Morris Sec'y, 1 barrel, 1 box. Aid Society, Wellsville, Tioga county, Miss L. E. Moore, Sec'y, 1 box.

Mrs. Platt's package. Colored Women's Loyalty Union League, 404 Walnut street, 1 package. Ladies' Aid, Condensport, Potter co., 2 boxes. St. Paul's Aid Society, Chestnut Hill, 1 barrel.

Ladies' Aid Society, Monitose, Susquehanna county, Miss E. C. Blackman, 1 barrel. Mrs. Matilda Thompson, Ashland, Schuylkill county, 1 box.

Mrs. W. F. Griffiths and family, 1011 Clinton street, 1 package. Mrs. Lyne, No. 50 South Fourth st., 1 package. Field Hos. Aid Society, Germantown, 4 pkgs. Mrs. Fletcher, 1 package. Mrs. Judge Read, 1 package. Mrs. J. Latimer, Wilmington, Del., 1 dem. John.

Mrs. Collet, 1 package. Rev. E. Lycott, Soldiers' Aid, Lower Merion, 1 barrel.

Ladies' Aid, Melville, N. J., 1 box. Dr. Brainerd's Church, Union Aid Society, Mrs. Farr, Sec'y, 3 packages. Whitpain Centre Square, Montgomery county Aid Society, Miss S. A. Conrad, 1 box.

Mrs. Warner Johnson, School Lane Circle, 1 package. Miss K. Ross, Section, Hebrew Aid Society, St. Luke's Church, Phila., Mrs. James, Sec'y, clothing.

Ladies' Aid Society, Hazleton, 2 boxes. Soldiers' Aid Society, N. S., and E. Coventry, Pittston, Mrs. Oliver Wells, 1 box. Miss Hasan, Moyamensing Aid Society, 1 pkg. Ladies' Aid, Trenton, N. J., Mrs. S. B. Johnson, 1 box.

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St. Luke's Church, Phila., Mrs. James, Sec'y,

THE SIBYL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Twas in a courtly grim and old,
A court by the nations see,
Where lived a Baron stern and cold—
Friend of his birth and high degree.

Within his stately home there grew
One lovely dover, a daughter fair;
Her eye was as the violet blue,
And like the sunset, gleamed her hair.

A youth she loved of humble birth:
Her father mocked his suit with scorn.
He acted not his merit, worth,
Enough that he was lovely born.

But kindly they met, and gave,
As kindly they clasped hand in hand,
Their promises by the glistening wave,
That death bade them on the strand.

Then for a long and weary year
They parted, and the words "good bye!"
With many a sad and bitter tear,
Dimmed the soft sunlight of her eye.

But years sped on till three were told;
The roses on her cheek grew pale;
While in that courtly grim and old
She waited for his coming call.

Still, with a woman's trusting faith,
She leaned upon his promise given;
Though withering doubts came like a writh,
Cold gliding 'twixt her soul and heaven.

Weary, she said, "To Maggy Lee
I'll go, and have her read my hand—
Some tidings she will give to me
From my love in a distant land."

Storm clouds had gathered o'er the sky—
The sea spoke with a sullen roar—
The waves leaped in their fury high,
And wildly dashed against the shore.

Yet fearlessly through storm and night
She waded, till on the dark wave
She saw gleam out a ruddy light
From torch within the sylph's cave.

Her long hair wet with mist and spray,
Loose, falling from the hood she wore;
Like beauteous fairy, nymph, or sylph,
She stood in front the sylph's door.

"What brings you, lady, here to-night,
Mid gloom, and storm, to seek my art?
But, ah! upon your cheek so white,
I read you bring a breaking heart.

"But welcome to my storm-beat cave—
I'll tell you, lady, if you are
One who must love rough battle brave,
Or born beneath a lucky star.

"For as the prisoner in his cell,
With sight schooled in the darksome tomb,
Leaves with a keen eye to tell
What lies beyond him in the gloom;

"So I, by sorrow taught, can look
Beyond the ken of other eyes;
Can peer within fate's mystic book,
And read what in the future lies.

"Place now your dainty hand in mine,
Withered with holding on to life,
Ah! there's a cross, and here's a line—
It is with sorrow sadly ripe."

Then shuffling with mysterious air
The worn cards in her wrinkled hand,
Said, "Here I see, my lady fair,
Your lover in a distant land."

"And one is standing by his side—
Ah, lady, he's forgotten thee!
For 'tis a fair and beauteous bride
He's wedded o'er the dark blue sea!"

"Our dearest hopes first fade away;
Life's roses wither in our hand.
Man bides his promise but a day:
His vows are written on the sand.

"Maiden I learned this bitter truth
When life was in its summer day.
It cast a mildew o'er my youth,
And turned my raven locks to gray.

"Now hidden from the world's cold eye,
Unheard by mortal ear their knell,
The hopes that turned to ashes lie
Low buried in my heart's deep cell!"

The lady spoke not—a low moan
Told the sad anguish of her breast:
Her cheek grew whiter than the foam
That's cradled on the billow's crest.

"'Tis bride!" her ear had caught the sound,
She scorned the heart that false could be,
But in love's fetters still was bound,
And perished, struggling to be free.

Lafayette, Ind.

R. G. R.

THE DANISH DRESSMAKER.

These downhill years of the eighteenth century which came midway between the close of the Seven Years' War and the outbreak of the French Revolution, were years of quiet prosperity to the greater part of Germany. But quietly prosperous years, like ours in similar circumstances, are apt to be uninteresting, and so it was with the period in question. It has left historians little to press on or dispute about; it gave the courts little to intrigue for, the diplomats nothing to plot and scheme over, except the partition of Poland, which was done quietly enough for such a bold venture. It was the still growing-time of that foolish heretic which the last of the governors were to see nipped in overturns

darkness and bloody battle-fields, before their went down to their graves, but nobody dreamt of what was stirring or brewing far under the feet of the powdered and periwigged, hooped and brocaded society which learned all its magnificence from the court of Versailles, and all its wit from the philosophers of Paris.

The times were quiet if not good, and particularly so in the kingdom and court of Prussia, where Frederick the Great was resting from his labors in Sans-Souci, keeping many old friends and no guards about him, and showing himself to Berlin only on the few high festivals his majesty chose to patronize. Frederick's old friends were getting fewer as years went on, and one gray head after another disappeared from banquet-board and grand review. His friendship and quarrel with Voltaire were long over, for the sage of Ferney slept among the monks of Sevres. The royal poems had been published, and well received, of course. The royal flute had been laid by for want of wind to play it; for time tells in that vulgar manner on kings as well as other mortals. He had asked the philosophers more questions than they could answer, and got tired of that and ploughing; amusements were growing scarce, so were news and gossip; and thus it happened that the Great Frederick became curious concerning a small but inexplicable matter which for some time occupied and puzzled all the rank and fashion of Berlin.

Strange to say, the subject was nothing more distinguished than a dressmaker—not a modiste de Paris, nor even a court-modiste from Vienna, but a certain Madame Haraldson from Copenhagen, whose work was notoriously bad, and whose charges were known to be exorbitant, yet who contrived to carry on a brisk and profitable business through the interest taken in her and her affairs by the noble family of Richendorff.

Their House was reckoned among the richest of the Prussian nobility; it was also known to be the proudest. Good-nature, or mildness of temper, had never been counted among the family characteristics. They were almost the only subjects with whom the old king, Frederick William, of absolute and exacting memory, did not care to meddle; no tall peasant had been cramped off their estates for his giant regiments; none of them had been obliged to build a house on the marshy banks of the Spree, or buy wild-boars from his majesty after his great and profitable hunts. Yet they had stood well in royal favor under the old and new regimes; and some twenty years before the period of our story, the Baron von Richendorff, then representative and head man of his House, had the honor of escorting the Princess Louise, Ulrica, Frederick the Great's sister, to Copenhagen, and seeing her crowned queen-consort of Denmark. Louise Ulrica was a royal belle in her day, and was the belle of the court in Europe. She did it with considerable energy and success in the Danish palace, being endowed with her father's sturdy temper, and her mother's talent for falling sick on all trying occasions. She had her father's strong stiff likings, too, and the Richendorff family had the good-fortune to get hold of them. The baron remained in Denmark, master of the queen's private household; his baroness was mistress of the robes, his two daughters her favorite maids of honor, and his only son her majesty's chief-equestry. So they lived and flourished, got places and pensions, envy, hatred, and adulation from all the Danish court, and worship and solicitations from all German comers for ten years and more. The countess had been seen or heard of by nobody from the hour in which she finished the last minute at the ball, just before the company broke up. It was not with the equestry, but the Russian ambassador, Count Crimanoff, she had danced; he had conducted her to a *la-bouret* near the queen, crossed the room to speak to his own countess, and saw the young lady no more.

There the tale ended, except that sundry surmises, not of the best-natured kind, were indulged in by the court ladies. That the Countess von Sinclair had eloped with somebody not at all to her father's mind, and would turn up some day, was their general expectation. But up she did not turn. Queen Louise declared her determination never to recover from the shock. As she knew not who to blame, her majesty made great efforts to fix the charge of her favorite's disappearance, first on the French maid, and then on the Russian ambassador; but in both cases, it was impossible, the alibi was so clear. No one thought of including the Richendorffs; they were entirely out of the scrape; had not been near the young lady; had no imaginable motive for getting her out of the way; were known to be the most active and indefatigable in the search; and when it was fairly over, remained in their places about Queen Louise for more than a twelvemonth, when a natural and laudable desire to return to native Prussia made them all at once resign, to the great displeasure of the queen, and the delight of the whole court. It was thought that Louise Ulrica would have taken satisfaction by endeavoring to prejudice her brother against the deserters; but his sisters were not always successful in such endeavors with the Great Frederick; moreover, there was a family quarrel then in hand, concerning certain diamond pins and buckles belonging to the late queen-mother; so the Richendorffs

were told off to Kustrin, to placate and pacify the queen, and to keep the princess from falling fast asleep since the Reformation-time, their last waking up. His daughter had accompanied him, to see the Danish court and its German fashions, perhaps to get well married, for the family, though noble, were not rich. Her education had been finished in Paris; her beauty was acknowledged even by the ladies; and the young Countess von Sinclair took particularly the fancy of Queen Louise Ulrica, got into extraordinary favor, and, whether on that account or on her own merits, was believed to be specially admired by her majesty's chief-equestry. Such was the state of matters when the court removed bag and baggage from Copenhagen to the old palace of Ringstadt, where it pleased Queen Louise to hold high festival that Christmas time. Her royal consort did not always concur in her arrangements, indeed was not always consulted; but on this occasion harmony prevailed between the pair. King, Queen, and all who were counted anybody in Denmark, all the foreigners of distinction, all the corps diplomatique, swarmed in and about the old palace, till there was not an attic room or a neighboring cot unoccupied by some noble guest; and the only spare space was said to be the central court, darkened by the old walls and towers that rose round it, and containing nothing but a deep draw-well, long unused, because out of the way; the modern additions and improvements of the palace having left no access to the court but one steep narrow stair, on which a small door opened at the end of the great gallery; and also because the water was so impregnated with iron from some deep-lying mine, that all linen washed in it was injured beyond remedy; and the court physicians found out it would produce old looks and wrinkles even in royal faces.

Well, the palace was filled, and the festivities went on, with a great acting of plays, a lengthy doing of dances, and a mighty consumption of all the good things of the north. There was nobody that played, danced, or flirted like the Countess von Sinclair; there was nobody that followed and flattered the young beauty like the queen's chief-equestry. Some people thought the Danish heiress saw more than she was expected to do, and was taking her measures; some people thought the ambassador-extraordinary would have preferred a more eligible admirer for his daughter. There was not exactly scandal, but a good deal of remark among the elder ladies and other guardians of propriety, when all at once the court was astonished and the festivities interrupted by the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the young countess on the last day of the year, new style. She had danced at a grand ball the preceding evening, looking as gay, as beautiful, and as elegantly dressed as usual; the equestry had been as attentive; the heiress had seemed no more observant; the censors had not found any additional cause of disapprobation; but in the morning her French maid reported that mademoiselle was not in her chamber, had not slept in her bed, had not put off her ball-dress or jewels, and was nowhere to be found. The entire palace and the surrounding country were searched, but no further intelligence was ever obtained of the missing countess. Her father offered rewards; Queen Louise fell sick, and broke up the festival; the chief-equestry galloped about, inquiring after her in every direction; the young Danish nobles vied with each other in following his example; but no servant within, no peasant without the palace, no traveller on the highways could give the slightest account of her. The countess had been seen or heard of by nobody from the hour in which she finished the last minute at the ball, just before the company broke up. It was not with the equestry, but the Russian ambassador, Count Crimanoff, she had danced; he had conducted her to a *la-bouret* near the queen, crossed the room to speak to his own countess, and saw the young lady no more.

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There was one among that numerous order who got her patronage apparently without strife or endeavor, and that was Madame Haraldson. She had arrived from Copenhagen exactly one month after the Richendorffs, took a German assistant, advertised for apprentices, and opened a dressmaking establishment in Charlotte Street, the allotted habitat of milliners, hairdressers, and all who dealt in finery at the time. Copenhagen was not the quarter to which Berlin looked for its new fashions, and as Madame's show-room displayed no special attraction, the chances seemed considerably against her; but scarcely had her advertising card been left at the town-house of the Richendorffs, when they hastened to patronize her, and gave nobody in their extensive circle rest or peace till they did the same. Their kindness to the Danish dressmaker was alike beyond praise and precedent. Dependents were commanded, friends requested, and acquaintances coaxed, to get their dresses made at her establishment; and between commands, requests, and coaxing, Madame soon got a very respectable business. All Berlin naturally inquired after the cause of such unbound interest. It was not owing to Madame's superior skill; the ladies knew that her cut was clumsy, and her stitches apt to give way; that costly silks and laces were extensively cabbedge, and gimpes and fringes ill matched. It was certainly not owing to Madame Haraldson's personal attractions. She was a tall, spare woman, who might have been handsome in her youth; but that was some time ago, and the face had grown, as female faces are apt to grow in the course of northern winters, hard and heavy. She had a low, husky voice, and a quietly determined manner, which the strongest minded of her fair customers failed to move, or make more compliant. She spoke German badly, and with a Danish accent, and gave people to understand, in a general indefinite way, that her sojourn on German ground was to be reckoned among the misfortunes of her life. Finding no account of the matter there, the Berliners began to inquire into her history, but with an equally small result. All that could be gathered was, that she had been a work-woman in the establishment of Madame Fleury, the only Parisian modiste Copenhagen could boast; had been for many years a widow, with an only son, who worked for a fashionable tailor till consumption carried him off, some six months before the Richendorffs left Denmark, when, to the surprise of everybody, Madame Haraldson commenced dressmaking on her own account, was employed by the flourishing family, and subsequently followed them to Berlin. In its despair of solving the problem, the fashionable world of Prussia at length hit on the conjecture, that Madame Haraldson must have been related to the Richendorffs either by blood or marriage. She was a Dane; they had been long in Denmark, and a noble House could not acknowledge a mere dressmaker in any other manner than the one they adopted.

On that conjecture the fashionable world rested for some years. Madame went on making dresses of clumsy cut and bad stitching, grumbled against by her small customers, scolded at by her great ones, but, nevertheless, getting well employed and better paid, through the exertions of her noble patrons. They were increasing in number, if not in influence. The old baron and baroness were deep in the vale of years, and rarely seen out of their private apartments; but their grandchildren had grown up on all sides, and as the daughters of their illustrious House were three to one of the sons, Madame's business made fair to flourish in proportion. But revolutions come even to dressmakers, and it unluckily happened about this time that a remarkable one took place. The long, peak'd, tight corset gave way to the short loose sac and planer, the many-colored hood and head-tower made room for the beaver-hat and cap of Flanders lace. It was one of those sudden and complete changes of fashion which ladies rejoice in, and husbands sincerely deplore. All the *ton* of Berlin rallied forth to secure the new weapon of war against mankind; every shop, every warehouse, every magazine, was besieged; green tea rose in consequence of the demand for it to keep work-girls up to the mark of stitching night and day, and chief milliners were believed to be making their fortunes. But alas for Madame Haraldson! she could not, or at least she did not get the new cut; never having mastered the old one, she stuck fast to her limited acquaintance with it, now that all was changed, and her sacs and planers were pronounced unwearable by everybody above station. Her noble patrons exerted themselves as formerly, but in vain; ladies would not have their new fashion spoiled. Moreover, all Berlin had got tired of them

—and then the young daughters of the House of Richendorff were known to be in open rebellion against the Danish dressmaker. Once more society inquired what was the secret of her rule and reign over that family? Why did all the high-born harxesse above twenty get their sacs and planers ruined in her establishment, when they might get them well made in half-a-dozen houses with patterns fresh from Paris? The subject having slept so long, had all the charm of novelty; ladies discussed it in private, together with the new fashions, and ill they became their acquaintances. Ladies' maids whispered about it in all their meeting-places; sewing-girls kept themselves awake in all the work-rooms with it, excepting in Madame's own, from which, however, a curious circumstance at length transpired to increase the general wonder.

A forewoman, long in Madame Haraldson's service, happened to quarrel with and get dismissed by her mistress, and she lost no time in making known to the public that Madame's influence over the Richendorffs consisted of nothing less than magic, for when the ladies of the family proved unmanageable, or found too many faults, she had seen the Danish dressmaker pull out a piece of shining stuff from a little box always carried about her, flourish it in their faces, and say something in Danish, which nobody else could understand; and the forewoman solemnly declared that simple process always brought the ladies to their senses.

All Berlin agreed with her that it must be magic. In spite of the philosophers and the enlightenment, witchcraft was coming again from its old quarters in the North. Madame Haraldson got a renewal of custom from timid families who stood in dread of her occult powers; confidential maids gave their mistresses advice concerning her; above all things it was not safe to get a *mauve* without part of her work in it, and the dressmaker having found out her own importance, began to take on air, when the tale came to the ears of King Frederick. Curious and inquisitive from his youth, the friend and enemy of Voltaire was given to consider and sift gossip. There were grains of golden information to be got out of that flying chaff; they had served him often in camp and court, by throwing light on his neighbors' proceedings, or directing his own countermeasures; and now, in his old, unoccupied days, it occurred to his Prussian majesty that the story of Madame Haraldson and the Richendorffs, shining stuff and all, might be worth investigating, and he went to work with accustomed silence and celerity.

The Danish dressmaker was thrown into a state of great excitement and expectation, one evening at the approach of Christmas-time, by a message from the royal *schloss*, where she was to attend immediately, and receive the commands of Princess Amelia. The health of the poor princess had not admitted of her illustrating the fashions largely for years; but what of that? a sac or pinner sent home to the *schloss* would raise Madame above all her enemies; and she hastened to wait on the one sister of the Great Frederick who had remained in single blessedness. In the ante-room of the *schloss*, however, Madame found an officer with serious face and a warrant to arrest her. She was directly conducted to a carriage, driven with all speed to Kustrin, escorted down stairs and through passages to a large empty room with grated windows, where two elderly ladies—one in the dress of an ordinary beggar, the other in the dress of a canoness, and both with stern, grave faces—locked the door, and informed Madame they were commanded to search her person. They did so, and found the famous little box, secured, they say, in a concealed pocket set in her seventh petticoat. It contained nothing but a small ragged piece of Parisian stuff, in fashion some twenty years before, and called *sac d'argent*, from the silvery threads mingled with the silk of which it was composed. The canoness directly commenced a strict examination as to why she kept that piece of stuff about her, and how it had come into her possession; and the dressmaker's airs and importance being all departed by this time, she threw herself on her knees, solemnly declaring that the stuff was kept for no magical purpose, nor had been obtained in any wicked way, but once formed a part of the hanging sleeves which she, as a workwoman in the establishment of Madame Fleury, had helped to make for the ball-dress of the young Countess von Sinclair, the last she ever wore, and disappeared in at the old palace of Ringstadt. It had been torn off, as the reverend and high-born canoness would perceive, and her son had found it in the pocket of the young Baron Richendorff's dress-coat, which he got to put new buttons on while working for the fashionable tailor in Copenhagen. He had dutifully brought it home to his mother; the search for the countess was over by that time; and after her dear boy's death, she thought it no harm to help a poor lone widow's living by letting the noble family know it was in her fingers, and keeping it well out of theirs. That was all Madame Haraldson could tell. The canoness took possession of the stuff, and informed her she should come to no harm if her tale proved true, but must remain in Kustrin, without seeing anybody but her jailor, for some time.

On the following day, the young baron of Richendorff, as he was still called, received

an early summons to attend also at the *schloss*; the Princess Amalie had been with him too; and as he went up the grand staircase wondering what it could be, a couple of officers arrested him, conducting him to a carriage waiting at the back entrance, drove him off to Kustrin, and led him in the very apartment Frederick himself had occupied when his father thought proper to send him there for contaminated desertion, and poor Katt was executed in the court outside. In that chamber of memories the young baron passed the night without fire or candle, and in the morning was waited on by the chaplain of the fortress, a gray-headed, iron-faced old man, far more of a soldier than a parson, whose code of morals and religion was

DECREASE OF MARRIAGES IN NEW ENGLAND.—For the last eight or ten years, with one or two exceptions, there has been, says the State Registration Report for 1861, a steady annual decrease in marriages in Massachusetts. That this anomaly is broader than that is apparent from the registration in other parts of New England. In Connecticut, the numbers for the last six years have never been so large as in 1855 and 1856. In the former year there were 16,000 marriages, and in 1860 only 8,701—a considerable diminution, if we take into account the increase of population. In Rhode Island the same fact is exhibited, though less pointedly. Nor is it peculiar to New England; for the last four years, in all the states, with very slight exception, is less than the number for 1857. In those countries where there were large cities, the diminution has been greatest. Still further, in Boston, where the registration is limited to Bostonians, the diminution appears to be well nigh perfect, so that the numbers concerned in the diminution are scarcely noticeable. In Boston, in 1855 there were 8,126, and they have gone down to 4,904 in 1861, a steady decrease year except 1859 and 1860.

HARVEST.—Never has Philadelphia been so full of strangers as it is now. This is a broad assertion, but it is easily proven so for a long time past. Every young-house in the city of known reputation is filled. The smaller hotels, that have recently business hitherto, are running with guests. If anybody wishes to know many vacant houses there are in Philadelphia at this moment, let him try to count them. There are not ten habitable houses in Philadelphia at this moment. Look at the advertising columns of the newspapers day to day, and scarce a house is offered for rent. If such a thing does occur, there are a dozen people after it before the owner is out of his bed. The like of this was never seen before. The hotels and boarding-houses teem with people, who spend their entire leisure time in "house-hunting," and without avail.—*North American.*

A BRISK OLD LADY.—Mrs. Betsy P. Eastman, of Salisbury, New Hampshire, is in the one hundred and second year of her age, and is reported to be the oldest person living in the state. A correspondent tells this story of her:—"Her cheerfulness under all circumstances is constant and remarkable. Her son Joe, of Conway, who makes her frequent visits, on departing from home a short time since, thought it possible, considering her advanced age, that she might be taken away before he made her another visit, and shaking hands with her, remarked, 'Good-bye, mother; I don't know as I shall ever see you again.' Mrs. Eastman, with great astonishment, looked up, and exclaimed: 'Why, Joe! you don't think you are going to die, do you?' My health is remarkably good now-a-days."

IMPORTANT DECISION.—It has just been decided in the Supreme Court at Boston, that a railway corporation having sold a person a ticket, is liable in damages for any injury he may suffer by the carelessness of the corporation or its agents, as well while he is going to the train, as after he gets into the car. The court also ruled that it is the responsibility of the part of the corporation to run a train at full speed over the track between the depot and another train standing on the outer track, waiting for passengers to get on board. Under these instructions, the jury gave a verdict of \$5,750 against the Fitchburg Railroad Company in favor of the plaintiff for injuries sustained by him.

SOLDIER'S RIGHT TO VOTE.—In the Division of Election Laws, with which we begin each Pennsylvania Election Board is established, on pages 155-6, section 29, is the following: "If no body of troops in the army of the United States, or of this Commonwealth, be present either armed or unarmed, during the time of such election: Provided, that nothing herein contained shall be construed as to prevent any officer or soldier exercising the right of suffrage in the county district to which he may belong, if otherwise qualified according to law."

The nobles of Aragon, in selecting a successor for their monarch, addressed him thus: "who are as much as you, and are worth than you, we choose you for our lord and condition that you respect our laws; but not."

"You say, Mr. Jay, that you can't leave the house. Was it in haste?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know what caused the haste?" "I'm not sartain, but I think it was the boot of Mr. Stubbs, the gentleman who boards with me." "That will do, Mr. Jay, Clerk, call the next witness."

Mr. J. L. Flanagan, of Sardinia, C. W., wants a female baby as a baby, which, though not quite five months old, weighs over forty pounds. Its dimensions are: length, 2 feet 8 inches; round the waist, 25 inches; round the thigh, 16 inches; round the ankle, 7 inches; round the arm, 9 inches. The parents are but ordinary-sized people.

HOW WE WEAR OUR SKIRTS.—A young ladies was looking at some Balmoralings in a goods store the other day, when the marketable excessive ladies' men in attendance taking and carrying off the goods, said, "Be-utiful piece of goods, m'm!" The lady replied the lady, "but too narrow, I think." And the man, "no," was the response, "we flourish, Miss."

capital bill of fare they get up for transatlantic steamers. When the steamer of their country last left Australia for Liverpool, they had on board, for the use of her cargo, two live bullocks, weighing 100 lbs. each, two milch cows, 90 dozen fowls, 100 lbs. of geese, turkeys, &c., 5,000 dozen eggs, and enough vegetables to stock a kitchen.

If you wish to offer your hand to a woman, choose your opportunity. The best and easiest way to do it is when she is getting out of an elevator.

BOSTON HAS SUFFERED MANY HARD RALES, but no anecdote of a little three-year-old girl leaving her home on a visit to that metropolis, is a little ahead of anything yet. At the close of her prayers the night before her departure she added, with the utmost simplicity, "Now, good-bye, Mr. God. I'm going to Boston in the morning to be gone two weeks."

A TALL SOLDIER.—Capt. David Van Buskirk, of an Indiana regiment, is the tallest man in the army of the Potomac, being 6 feet 11 inches in height, and weighing 200 pounds. He astonished the rebels when they carried him prisoner to Richmond.

SIR WM. ARMSTRONG IS ALARMING THE ENGLISH PEOPLE by the statement that there is only coal enough in their mines to last 212 years. He thinks it is time to be economical in the use of it.

AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER IN RUSSIA writes that—"Education is advancing along with social improvement. More than eight thousand schools have been opened for the peasants, and everywhere I hear of their being anxious to read, as they ought to be able to read, the laws by which they are governed. The peasant now feels he is a man, and as such, ought to cultivate his intellect."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been a better feeling in the market, and holders of Flour have put up their prices 15@20¢ per bbl. Wheat comprise about 15,000 bushels taken in lots at \$4.75@5.50 for superfine; \$4.94@5.50 for sour Flour; \$4.50@5.50 for extra; \$3.50@5.75 for old stock extra family; \$3.00@5.75 for fresh ground do; \$7.50 for Jean Lind do, and \$6.25 per bbl for excelsior fancy flour. Rye Flour is very scarce, and sells in lots on arrival at \$4.50@5.50. Corn Meal is not much inquired for, and Penangrynd is offered at \$4.50 per bbl, without sales. Brandywines better, 400 bbls having been sold at \$4.50, and holders now ask \$4.75 per bbl.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat have fallen off, and the market is \$5@10¢ better, the latter for prime lots, about 400,000 bushels taken at 15@20¢ per bbl, old rods, \$5@10¢ fine inferior new do, 150,000 for fair to good and 140@150¢ for scarce, \$4.50@5.50 for prime Kentucky. Rye is scarce, and selling at \$5@10¢. Corn is \$2.50 better, with light receipts and sales, in all about 40,000 bushels at \$5@6¢ for western mixed, and \$2.50@5.50 for yellow, cloaking dull, with sales of the latter at \$6¢ afoot. Oats are still better, and about 80,000 bushels new sold at \$7@8¢ weight. Barley and Malt are quiet.

PROVISIONS.—The market is firmer at \$14@14.5¢ for Mop Fork, and \$12@15 per bbl for Mess Fork, 1500 bushels of the former, mostly old mess, sold private. Bacon moves off as wanted at 12@15¢ for plain and fancy Hams; 7.5¢ for Sides and 6.5@7.5¢ for Shoulders. A lot of Ham in salt brought 9.5¢ to arrive. Lard is better, and saleable at 10¢@11¢ per bbl and tierces, and 11.5@12.5¢ for hams, about 500 pigs sold at 10¢@11¢. Game. Game is scarce, and selling at 9.5@10¢. Butter is firmer, with sales of 20,000 bushels Pennsylvania and Ohio at 15@20¢, and New York at 22@25¢ do, the latter for prime Goshen. Cheese is firmer, and quoted at 11@12.5¢, and fine at 15¢ per bbl. Eggs are in better demand, and worth 19@20¢ do.

COTTON.—The market has been excited; the sales have been limited at from 35@50¢ for pickings, and 35 to 75¢ for new grade and good middling quality, cash.

ASHES.—Both kinds are quiet, and prices about the same.

BARK.—Bark comes in slowly, and 1st No 1 Quercus finds ready sale at \$30. Taners' Bark also sells freely at previous rates.

BEESWAX.—Is scarce, and wanted at 42@43¢ per lb.

COFFEE.—There is a firmer feeling in the market; the sales continue small at 20@21¢ per lb, and 27@28¢ per Capo, cash and 6 moths.

COPPER.—Is firm and Yellow Metal steady; the latter sells at 37¢, on time.

FEATHERS.—Continue scarce and high, prices ranging at 50@60¢ per lb, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT.—Green fruit is plenty, Peaches selling at from 50¢ to \$1 per basket, and Apples at \$6@8¢ per bbl, as to quality. Dried fruit is quiet, and prices nominal.

HAT.—Continues in good demand at \$20@21¢ per lb.

MEAT.—The market remains inactive. Prices are steady.

HOPS.—Remain quiet, and prices about the same, ranging at 18@20¢ per lb.

IRON.—There is a good inquiry for Pig Metal, and Foundry Iron is scarce at \$34@36¢ cash.

PIG IRON.—With sales of about 1200 tons, in lots, at \$30@32¢ cash, the latter for gray. Scotch Pig is held at \$36 per ton. In manufactured iron there is a better feeling, and more doing at fully prepared rates.

LEAD.—Is firmer, but the want of stock limits operations, and we hear of no sales.

LUMBER.—There is a good demand for most kinds, with free sales of White Pine Boards at \$21@22¢. Yellow Sap do sell at \$20@22¢, and Shingles at \$20@22¢ per m.

MACHINES.—Marked firm, with sales of 400 lbs. Cuban at 41@42¢ per lb, the latter for Sagua, and 300 lbs. New Orleans at 50@52¢ on time.

POLYUREUM.—Is rather more inquired for, and quoted at 57@58¢ per refined, in bond, and 60@62¢ free, now held higher. Crude is scarce, and worth 30@32¢ per lb.

PLASTER.—Comes in slowly, and commands \$4@4.50 per ton, which is an advance.

RICE.—Is quiet but very firm, with small sales of East India at 74@75¢ per lb.

SEEDS.—There is a good demand for Clover-seed; we quote it nominally at \$5.75@6 per bus.

SPICES.—Timothy is plenty and dull, and 60@62¢ per lb.

SUGARS.—Prices firm at \$1.50@1.55 per cwt on time, including New Orleans at 19@14¢ per cwt, the latter for clarified.

TALLOW.—Sales of Western and city rendered at 10@11¢ per lb.

TOBACCO.—The sales are confined to Pa.

WOOL.—The sales have been moderate with in the range of 60@70¢ per lb for medium and fine Fleece, and 71@73¢ per tub, net cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2234 head. The prices realized from 5 to 10 cents per lb. 150 Cows brought from \$30 to 35 per head. 7000 Sheep were sold at from 45¢ to 55¢ per gross. 1120 Hogs at from \$6.50 to 8.00 per cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NOTES.—Published weekly at the Post Office Department, N. Y. DEXTER, 119 Nassau St., N. Y. SINCLAIR TOUTNEY, No. 181 Nassau St., N. Y. HENRY TAYLOR, Son Iron Building, Baltimore. A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston. HENRY MINER, No. 73 & 75 Park St., Pittsburg. JOHN F. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg. GEO. N. LEWIS, 20 West Sixth St., Cincinnati. A. GUNTER, No. 93 Third St., Louisville, Ky. JOHN E. WALKE, Chicago, Ill. JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

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sep30-44

WITHERS & PETERSON,

39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

Stocks Bonds, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.

may3-ly

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st of Sept. by the Rev. Luther Albert, Mr. W. S. KARNER, to Miss SARAH GOODBURN, both of this city.

On the 3d of Sept. by the Rev. Geo. A. Durrow, THOMAS A. ROBERTS, to Miss LOUISA J. daughter of Matthew Marney, both of this city.

On the 3d of Aug. by the Rev. Andrew Marshall, Mr. MARVIN W. LUTZ, of Pa. Vols., to Miss LUCILLE LORRELL, of this city.

On the 1st of July, by the Rev. E. J. D. Pepper, JONES DOWELL, to HANNAH E. MIDLEN, both of this city.

On the 7th of April, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennedy, Mr. ERNEST H. CHASE, to Miss KATE SMITH, both of this city.

On the 29th of Sept., by the Rev. Mr. A

Wit and Humor.

HOOK'S PRACTICAL JOKES.

On the occasion of the trial of Lord Melville, Hook had gone with a friend to Westminster Hall to witness the proceedings. As the peers began to enter, a simple-looking lady from the country touched his arm and said,

"I beg your pardon, sir, but pray who are those gentlemen in red now coming in?"

"These, ma'am," he replied, "are the heroes of England; in these cases, the junior peers always come first."

"Thank you, sir—much obliged to you. Louisa, my dear," turning to her daughter, who accompanied her, "tell Jane these are the heroes of England; and the juniors—that's the youngest, you know—always go first. Tell her to be sure and remember that when we get home."

"Dear me, ma," said Louisa, "can that gentleman be one of the prospect? I am sure he looks very old."

This notice held out an irresistible temptation to Theodore, who, on the old lady pointing to the bishop, who came next in order, with scarlet and lawn sleeves over their doctors' robes, and asking, "What gentlemen are those?" replied: "Gentlemen, ma'am! These are not gentlemen; these are ladies—elderly ladies—the dower-peasants in their own right."

His interrogator looked at him rather suspiciously, as if to find out whether or not he was quizzing her; but reassured by the imperishable air of gravity with which her glance was cast, turned round again to her daughter and whispered—

"Louisa, dear, the gentleman says that there are elderly ladies and dowager-peasants in their own right. Tell Jane not to forget that."

Shortly afterwards, her attention was drawn to the Speaker of the House of Commons, with his richly-embroidered robes.

"Pray, sir," she exclaimed, "who is that fine-looking person opposite?"

"That, ma'am, is Cardinal Wolsey."

"No, sir," was the angry rejoinder, "we know good deal better than that; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead and buried these many years."

"No such thing, my dear madam," replied Hook, with the most extraordinary sang-froid; "it has indeed been so reported in the country, but without the least foundation in truth; in fact, these rascally newspapers will say anything."

The good lady looked thunder-struck, opened her eyes and mouth to their widest compass, and then unable to say another word, or remain longer on the spot, hurried off with a daughter in each hand, leaving the mischievous wag and his friend to enjoy the joke.

A SMELL OF SPIRITS.

Sandy McLauchlain, the bethel (beadle) at Dunfermline, was a little man, with sharp brown eyes and a mouth expressive of fun. One day the minister, Mr. Johnstone, was on his way down from the manse to the High Street, after breakfast, as was his wont, to get his letters at the post-office, and see the only newspaper which then came to enlighten the inhabitants with news of public and foreign affairs. Observing Sandy slinking along the opposite side of the Cross, as if to avoid a meeting, Mr. Johnstone called out, in his fine, sonorous voice—

"Saunders, I wish to speak to you."

With some reluctance, Sandy came forward, lifting his bonnet and pulling his forelock. After giving Sandy certain directions about kirk matters, the minister sniffed once or twice, and remarked—

"Saunders, I fear you have been tasting (taking a glass) this morning."

"Deed, sir," replied Sandy, with the coolest effrontry, set off with a droll glance of his brown eyes—"Deed, sir, I was just a-goin' to observe I thought there was a smell of spirits among us this morning!"

THE RESULT OF STREET EDUCATION.—Keep your children off the street. By that we mean, do not let them make acquaintance on the sidewalks. If they frequent the public schools, you must establish a sort of verbal quarantine at your own door, and examine the youthful tongue once a day, to see if it has not a secretion of slang upon it.

Mrs. Careful's little son, Manfred, came running into the paternal mansion the other day, shouting to the cook:

"Now, then, old girl, step up that dinner."

"Why! Manfred!" began the astonished mother, "where did you learn such language? who have you been playing with?"

"Me," said the hopeful. "I generally play with Dick Turner, 'cause he's a bully boy with a glass eye. That's so."

The food master was about to express some remonstrance at the optical misfortune of Dick, when the son continued:

"Ma, I'm going to buy a pig! Jim Smith wears one, and I'm as big as he."

"A pig?" gasped the mother.

"Yes, ma'am, a pig. I've got the sponges rolled down in my box, sure; it's bound to come."

The mother at this juncture ordered the youngster up stairs and sent for a man-servant to interpret the slang.

THE LAWYER AND THE IRISHMAN.

While a number of lawyers and gentlemen were dining at Wincanton, a few days since, a jolly soul from the Emerald Isle appeared and called for dinner.

The landlord told him he should dine when the gentlemen were done.

"Let him crowd in among us," whispered a limb of the law, "and we will have some fun with him."

The Irishman took his seat at the table.

"You was born in this country, were you, my friend?"

"No, sir, I was born in Ireland."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir, he is dead."

"What is your occupation?"

"A horse jockey, sir."

"What was your father's occupation?"

"Trading horses, sir."

"Did your father cheat any person while he was here?"

"I suppose he did cheat many, sir."

"Where do you suppose he went to?"

"To heaven, sir."

"And what do you suppose he is doing in heaven?"

"Trading horses, sir."

"Has he cheated any one there?"

"He cheated one, I believe, sir."

"Why did they not prosecute him?"

"Because, they searched the whole kingdom of heaven and couldn't find a lawyer."

AN ENGLISHMAN'S REVENGE.

A late Parisian newspaper tells the story of a wealthy Englishman, who may constantly be seen at the grand opera and the Italian opera, and who enjoys a great reputation, not only as being a connoisseur of music, but further, as being a great amateur of painting. How the latter reputation was acquired you will presently see. He was, he is, one of those Bedouin Englishmen, who live alternately in all the European capitals, except when they are on an occasional jaunt to Egypt, or to China, or to India, or to the Holy Land. He never travelled alone; his wife was with him, his bone-fide wife, for notwithstanding his errant life, (so apt to weaken one's morals) he had all the English respect for the sex, and a true Englishman's love for his wife. She was a beautiful woman, one of those "keepsake" beauties, that, once seen, make a man dream forever. Her social success was very great in all the cities they visited.

In Rome, after some years' marriage, they became acquainted with a German artist, of a good deal of reputation, who, to his art, joined the learning of a Benedictine, and knew the city of Rome as well as Winckelmann or Vasconti. The German volunteered to be their cicerone in the Eternal City; they gladly accepted his offer. Many were the hours they passed with him in the museum of the capital, in the Vatican, in St. Peter's, and in the delightful excursions they made in the environs of Rome. The artist became in love with the English lady; she reciprocated his affection. The husband was a long while in seeing the stain upon his honor; several years had passed away before he perceived it, for he was very much pleased with the artist, and they had long been on the most intimate footing. Although stung to the quick by such base faithlessness and such gross violation of the laws of hospitality and friendship, he said nothing; he disliked *senses*; he was, nevertheless, determined upon a complete revenge, and he appealed to cooler reflections to furnish forth a suitable punishment.

The passions are bad counsellors. He left Italy and retired with his wife to England, saying nothing but *au revoir* to the artist. When he reached England, he told his wife of the painful discovery he had made, and he gave her back into her father's hands. He then returned to the continent alone, and visited Germany, Russia and France, where he purchased a great many paintings; he then went to Italy, meanwhile continuing to purchase paintings, and at last—two years had now passed away since their last meeting—he called on the German painter, who still lived in Rome, and demanded satisfaction from him. His challenge was accepted, and the Englishman, according to the European custom—much better than ours—being the offended party, selected the weapons. He chose pistols. During the past two years he had practised daily for several hours, and his known address with the pistol had become an unerring certainty of shot. He sent the shot wherever he wished it to go. The parties went on the ground—they were placed at thirty paces apart, and with the privilege of advancing ten steps before firing. The signal was then given. One! Two! Three! Five! The word fire was scarcely out of the second's mouth, when the Englishman fired without moving; his antagonist's pistol fell from his hand, and was discharged by the fall, the ball burying itself in the ground. The Englishman's ball had shattered the artist's hand, and amputation was necessary! his career of artist was ended—and forever.

A few days after the amputation the Englishman called on him, and without noticing the angry reception he met, to the suffering artist,

"If you think my vengeance is satisfied with your shattered hand and the wreck of your artist's career, you strangely underrate the agony of a deceived, dishonored hus-



GAY DECEIVERS.

GEORGINA.—"Do you know, dear, I'm so unhappy now dear Charles has gone away!"

GERTRUDE.—"And I miss dear Percy dreadfully—I do hope they'll get home safely!"

[We wonder what dear Charles and dear Percy would think of your grief, if they saw you eating those ices every day, you little humbugs!

Choice of Animals for Fattening.

Mr. Hedley contributes the following valuable hints on fattening cattle to the Newcastle Club, which we find published in the Agricultural Gazette, England. He says:

"In my close identification with fat cattle for several years, I have always found the best animals have the most massive heads, most capacious chests, and the strongest spines. I have, therefore, evolved a few rules to go by in the purchase of lean ones and scarcely with one exception I have found them to be applicable. The head of any of our bovine races ought to have the first consideration; this is the true index to the vital acumen, and even bodily construction, and will be found to foreshadow all good or bad that may be accomplished.

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"Yes, they are all there—even the painting I finished the day before the duel."

"So I was persuaded. All the paintings on this catalogue are my property; being my property, I do with them what I please; I please to burn them, aye, to burn every one of them, that your name shall be effaced from the glorious roll of artists. In two hours from this time, your toll, your conception, your skill will be as completely effaced from this world as the lines which the urchin traces in the sand are effaced by the rising tide; fire is as destructive as water."

In vain the poor artist begged for mercy; the wronged husband was insensible to his supplications; and in two hours the servant brought to the artist's room a large earthen vessel commonly used to contain oil, filled with ashes—it was all that remained of his paintings.

Agricultural.

CUT UP CORN BY THE GROUND.—A

"Young Farmer" asks whether it is better to "top" corn by taking off the stalks at the ears, and afterward gather the crop, or to cut the whole stalk at the bottom. We have

always advised the latter course, and still recommend it for the following reasons. It saves labor. The whole hill can be served

almost at a blow, while toppling requires handling each stalk. The stalks yield more

fodder; the bottom leaves can be well cured and saved. The crop can be housed earlier, and much saved from moulding, and destruction by birds and vermin. The crop should

be cut as soon as the corn is glazed. The sap remaining in the stalk will be approprieted by the kernels, and the stalks, if properly cured, and housed, will make good

fodder. It may afterward be husked out at leisure, under cover. This plan of course

will hardly do on the prairies, where hundreds of acres in a body are cultivated, and a

chin with no loose skin hanging from it, is a

very despicable animal indeed, weak in constitution, predisposed to lung disease, and sterile in fattening propensities. Animals

with weakly-formed heads have always

small loins, and the width of these parts

will always be found in an exact ratio with

the strength of the head.

THE OLD FARM.—I have noticed the manner with which men, not at all remarkable

for sentiment, return "to the old farm."

Some peculiar practice in agriculture is

being discussed, when, as a closing argu-

ment in favor of their own side of the ques-

tion, they relate how things were done on

the old farm, as if nothing more need be said

on the subject after that. It makes no dif-

ference if they themselves are occupying

farm whose fertility and beauty far surpass

the old stone, hilly one, whose most con-

picious disadvantage and deformity was its

multitude of stumps. There is ever a charm

lingering about that well-remembered home,

in the mind of the most matter-of-fact busi-

ness man the old farm seems like fairy-land.

They do not judge it with their present eyes,

but with the careless gaze of boyhood. The

plentiful bunches of elder bushes that grew

along the edge of the pond; the bare, un-

sightly stone wall on whose top he walked

to gather the purple raspberries; are all

lovingly remembered. This feeling is by no

means confined to those who follow farm-

ing as a livelihood, but those who have en-

tered what is called the learned professions,

and whose busy life-path has led them hun-

dreds of miles away from the old home-

stead, still dream and speak of making one

more journey back to "the old farm before

they die."—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

A WESTERN FARM.—The large scale on

which farming operations are carried on at

the West, is strikingly shown by the follow-

ing description:—The celebrated farm of M.

L. Sullivan, in Champaign county, Illinois,

which he is bringing into cultivation, is

seven miles long and five and a half wide;

it contains twenty-two thousand acres. In

May last, eleven thousand acres of this farm

had been enclosed and subdivided into fields</p